

Prabuddha Bharata

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(SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PAVHARI BABA*)

THE subject of this sketch was a man of wonderful humility and intense self-realisation.

Born of Brahman parents in a village near Guzi, Benares, Pavhari Baba, as he was called in after life, came to study and live with his uncle in Gazipore when a mere boy.

At present, Hindu ascetics are split up into the main divisions of Samnyasins, Yogins, Vairagins, and Panthis. The Samnyasins are the followers of Advaitism after Sankaracharya, the Yogins, though following the Advaita system, are specialised as practising the different systems of Yoga; the Vairagins are the dualistic disciples of Ramanujacharya and others; the Panthis, professing either philosophy, are orders founded during the Mohammedan rule. The uncle of Pavhari Baba belonged to the Ramanuja or Sri sect, and was a Naisthik Brahmacharin, i.e., one who takes the vow of life-long celibacy. He had a piece of land on the banks of the Ganges, about two miles to the north of Gazipur, and had established himself there. Having several nephews, he took Pavhari Baba into his home, and adopted him to succeed to his property and position.

Not much is known of the life of Pavhari Baba at this period. Neither does there

seem to have been any indication of those peculiarities which made him so well-known in after years. He is remembered merely as a diligent student of Vyakarana and Nyaya, and the theology of his sect, and as an active lively boy, whose jollity at times found vent in hard practical jokes at the expense of his fellow students.

Thus the future saint passed his young days, going through the routine duties of Indian students of the old school; and except that he showed more than ordinary application to his studies, and a remarkable aptitude for learning languages, there was scarcely anything in that open, cheerful, playful student life to foreshadow the tremendous seriousness which was to culminate in a most curious and awful sacrifice, when it had become to everybody only a rumour of the past.

At this time something happened which made the young scholar feel, perhaps for the first time, the serious import of life, and made him raise his eyes, so long rivetted on books, to scan his mental horizon critically, and crave for something in religion which was a fact, and not mere book-lore. His uncle passed away. One face, on which all the love of that young heart was concentrated, had gone, and the

*Continued from page 3.

ardent boy, struck to the core with grief, determined to supply the gap with a vision that can never change.

In India, for everything we want a Guru. Books, the Hindus are persuaded, are only outlines. The living secrets, must be handed down from Guru to disciple, in every art, in every science, much more so in religion.

From time immemorial earnest souls in India have always retired to secluded spots to carry on uninterrupted their study of the mysteries of the inner life, and even today there is scarcely a forest, a hill, or a sacred spot which rumour does not consecrate as the abode of a great sage.

Then again the saying is well-known—

“The water is pure that flows,
The monk is pure that goes.”

As a rule, those who take to the celibate religious life in India spend a good deal of it in journeying through various countries of the Indian continent, visiting different shrines,—thus keeping themselves from rust as it were, and at the same time bringing religion to the door of everyone. A visit to the four great places, situated in the four corners of India, is considered almost necessary to all who renounce the world.

All these considerations may have had weight with our young Brahmacharin,

but we are sure that the chief among them was the thirst for knowledge. Of his travels we know but little, except that, from his knowledge of Dravidian languages, in which a good deal of the literature of his sect is written, and his thorough acquaintance with the old Bengali of the Vaishnavas of Sri Chaitanya's order, we infer that his stay in Southern India and Bengal could not have been very short.

But on his visit to one place, the friends of his youth lay great stress. It was on the top of mount Girnar in Kathiawad, they say, that he was first initiated into the mysteries of practical Yoga.

It was this mountain which was so holy to the Buddhists. At its foot is the huge rock on which is inscribed the first-deciphered edict of the “divinest of monarchs,” Asoka. Beneath it, through centuries of oblivion, lay the conclave of gigantic stupas, forest-covered, and long taken for hillocks of the Girnar range. No less sacred is it still held by the sect of which Buddhism is now thought to be a revised edition, and which strangely enough did not venture into the field of architectural triumphs till its world conquering descendant had melted away into modern Hinduism.

(To be continued)

VIVEKANANDA

SCIENCE METAPHYSICS AND NATURAL LAW

BY DR. LEWIS G. JANES, M. A.,

Director of the Cambridge Conference, U. S. A.

(Concluded)

THE symbols by which this universe is manifested to us are as steadfast as the laws which are exemplified in our

mental activities. The categories of thought, the ideas of time, space and causation, which the older metaphysical

systems have regarded as original and unexplainable factors in the constitution of mind, under which, together with the testimony of sense-perception, we constitute our thought-world, as well as our material world, are demonstrated by the philosophy of evolution to have been built up in the human mind by the actual experience of generations of man's animal and human progenitors in contact with an objective reality. The only logical explanation of the constancy of these categories and thought-symbols is found in the assurance of the existence of a reality external to the individual consciousness, to which they unerringly correspond. The subjective idealist who assumes that mind is the sole reality, and that the categories of thought are its original and unexplainable constituents, simply *stops thinking* when he reaches this problem in the science of being, and rests his case on a bald assumption. He fails to recognize the significance and importance of the contribution of the modern doctrine of evolution to philosophic thought.

It is this knowledge of a Reality external to the individual consciousness, the laws of which are inexorable, and to which our human wills must needs conform, that constitutes the only rational foundation for a science of morals. I honor with the most radical of idealists that attitude of the mind which bids man stand erect with his head toward heaven, and affirm his eternal relationship to the spiritual forces which guide and ensoul the Universe. But though his forehead front the sky, it is well for him that his feet should rest firmly on the solid ground. Cut loose from this substantial basis in an external universe, his thought melts into unsubstantial mysticism, his morality has no other logical basis than that of egoistic impulse, and his philosophy of life vanishes in a ghostly fabric of unreality. "Antinomianism," it has been well said, "always dogs the steps of Mysticism." Any

philosophy which tends to confuse or obliterate ethical distinctions, thereby demonstrates to thoughtful minds the unsoundness of its basic principles. The highest utility of the spiritual is to infuse and inspire the objective universe with a sense of that divinity in which both mind and matter have unity and being, not to abolish it altogether.

We live solely by obedience to objective laws and conditions which never swerve in their orderly manifestation. The highest wisdom of life bids us become conscious of these laws, and learn to live in spontaneous accord with them. There is a sense in which the laws which govern our mental activities are as objective to our individual consciousness and volition as is the law of gravity or of chemical affinity. No man by his own volition can alter the rules of logical procedure, reverse the chronological order of events, or increase the number of his senses. That we as a race may yet develop higher and finer avenues of sense-perception than we now possess is indeed conceivable; but if we do so, it will be by the operation of the same unalterable laws of progressive adaptation to an objective environment by means of which our present senses have come into being.

Life has been well defined by Herbert Spencer as "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." Conscious volition may greatly aid us in effecting this adjustment, and thus promote that fulness of life which is the final test of the morality of conduct and the ideal aim of all intelligent effort; or, through ignorance or wilfulness it may initiate courses of action which tend to perpetuate mal-adjustments. It cannot alter the external relations to which the adjustment must be effected. We cannot break the laws of Nature, either physical or mental—objective or subjective; we can only break ourselves against them.

Thus we are brought back, in conclusion,

to a deeper analysis of the thought with which we started. All progress, either in the physical universe or in the life of man, seems to be rhythmic in its character. The pendulum of life swings now to this extreme, and now to its opposite, many times before it finds its true equilibrium. The material conquests of Rome were followed by the period of spiritual supremacy in the Church, when the things of this world were ignored, and thoughtful men and women spent their time in futile efforts to grasp the unrevealed realities of a future life. Again, the conquests of Science noted the swing of the pendulum of life in the opposite direction. It is not unnatural that the new spiritual revival which we are now witnessing should be marked by irrational statements of belief, such as have accompanied similar movements of the human mind in former periods of the world's history.

Conditions, however, are now unfavorable to that extreme and one-sided development of thought which has sometimes accompanied the march of civilization. New forces and conditions now enter the equation. Thanks to that very physical science which the metaphysician is wont to condemn, the world is now bound together into a common brotherhood as never before since time began. The railroad and telegraph, the electric car and the ocean steamer are communicators of thought, as well as carriers of material products. They keep man in harmonious touch with his brother man, from one end of the earth to the other. They correct excesses of thought-tendency in the same way that they relieve an over-stocked market of its merchandise, and distribute it where it is most needed. The excesses of thought and statement to which attention has been called will, I doubt not, be corrected. The important truth which is emphasized by the new spiritual revival will remain to bless the world.

Already we find thoughtful metaphysical

writers, like Mr. Henry Wood, while strongly testifying to spiritual realities, emphasizing also the universality and beneficence of natural law. The chapter on "The Universality of Laws" in Mr. Wood's interesting book, "God's Image in Man," affirms that "the most intelligent and reverent thought of the present day concedes the omnipotence and omnipresence of Laws. * * * There is no space, place nor condition where is exemption from Law's imperial domain." The old walls between the natural and the supernatural are crumbling. There is no super-natural: all is a part of one bounteous and beautiful realm of Nature. But if the old conception of the supernatural has melted into the vacuity of the unreal, so also has the brute matter of the old materialistic dogma. "The divinity is in the atoms." Mind is as eternal as the objective universe.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Beneath the apparent antagonisms of philosophic thought, we may discern the striving for a deeper unity. Both extremes are today searching after a monistic conception of the Universe. The insoluble dualism of the old theologies no longer satisfies the human mind. The materialist finds this one reality, this *substantia*, in matter. The idealist posits a universe in which the only reality is psychic. Both err in seeing but one side of the shield—in mistaking the phenomenal and transitory for the real and eternal. The matter which we know objectively is this Supreme Reality dissolved in the alembic of our finite consciousness, known in the unchanging symbols of sense-perception, seen in its relative and objective, not in its absolute nature. The mind which we know subjectively in consciousness is also but a phenomenal process of ideas, symbols likewise of a deeper eternal Reality, which our finite nature can never grasp in the totality of its inter-relational activities. We must

conceive of the Absolute, says Mr. Spencer as being in its nature "as much higher than the phenomena of human consciousness as they are higher than a plant's functions."

The Absolute Reality is not Matter; it is not Mind. It is a Somewhat which includes them both and is infinitely greater than either. The Indian calls it Brahman; our theologians call it God. Shall we call it Spirit? I will not quarrel about terms; but we must remember that any term is but a finite thought-symbol of that which is ineffable and unsearchable.

The solipsist, who affirms the sole reality of Mind, has logically only himself to worship: himself and the Universe are one, and there is nothing higher.

"Egotist, about myself I spin,

Yet reaching out to draw a Universe within."

Believe me, there is a philosophy not less spiritual, not less monistic, and far more reverent and rational than this: a philosophy which reverences all Reality, however it may be phenomenally manifested; which honors the objective universe as the outward body and necessary co-eternal manifestation of an inner spiritual substance; which holds in equal regard all physical and psychical laws; which so re-

verences the temple of the human spirit that it can say with Novalis, "I touch Heaven when I lay my hand upon a human body;" which sees divinity alike in the grain of dust and in the soul of man; and which recognizes in and beyond the phenomenal Universe of mind and matter, an Infinite and Eternal Energy on which all things depend which come within the scope of our finite consciousness. The very perception of philosophic truth which forbids us to regard our vision of the world as other than symbolic of an inner, spiritual Reality, forbids also the assumption that the knowing mind is the totality of real existence, since it is in its very nature a confession of our psychic limitations. It shows us beyond our human personality an Absolute Existence which is the highest object of our reverence and trust; whose omnipresent and inviolable laws, both psychic and material, testify to the everlasting honesty of its dealings with us, and challenge us to loving and unswerving obedience.

In the reverent recognition of this Power, Science may clasp hands with the loftiest Spiritual Philosophy, and together they may rationally labor for the conquest of the world.

THE NATURE OF THE MIND

MIND, according to Vedanta, is the collective satvic essence of the five elements. It is the vehicle or the instrument through which Atma works, and as such it is matter and not spirit. The western philosophers have admitted it to be so, and modern science is not opposed to this view. We can prove it for ourselves. When we are very hungry, neither the body nor the mind is capable of work. Both become weak.

But, as soon as we eat, the body is energised, and with it, the mind resumes its working. Thus the body and the mind, are dependent upon food for their vitality. Therefore that which depends upon matter for its existence must be matter and not otherwise. In the Siva Samhita (Chapter V) it is said that the food we take, after undergoing various processes is divided off into three parts; the best or the finest extract of food goes to the

mind, the second or the middle part nourishes the physical body, and the third or the most inferior part is thrown out. Therefore the mind, absorbing as it does, the very subtle essence of food, is very subtle in itself, bright and ever active, and capable to receive any impression which the senses carry, and hold it fast. It is like a white sheet of canvas on which the painter throws his pictures; impressions made on it, will last forever. In the same way, the mind takes up all impressions and as it is very restless and active in its nature, produces and reproduces those impressions of its own accord. This we experience oftentimes in our life. On calm evenings after hard work, when we are sitting quite alone, forgetting ourselves for a while, mind overpowers us, and trains of thought—some good, some bad, and some indifferent, appear before us and torment us successively. Suddenly if we regain our consciousness and rebuke our mind: "Why do you torment me in this way with old, old

thoughts which are of no use at present?" instantly the recurring thoughts are hushed down, and calmness comes back. From this it will be evident that the mind is restless like air, and contains all the impressions of all our thoughts, and is always revolving of its own accord. It is like steam in an engine, whose properties are heat and force. We must try and bring it under control and make it subordinate to us. On the other hand, if we yield to it, it overpowers us completely, makes us its slave and destroys our individuality, just as steam will destroy the engine-driver if he will not control and use it properly, and allow himself to be overpowered by it. Therefore, unless we struggle to bring the mind under subordination, destruction will surely follow. Because mind is a maiden with five faithful and veteran slaves—I mean the five senses—at her command, and she will tempt us one way or the other, and we must beware of it.

C. V.

EXAMPLE IS BETTER

A TRUE STORY

THERE was once a little Hindu boy who even in his earliest childhood had the strongest attraction towards holiness and spirituality. While yet almost a baby he would retire and meditate and would persuade his playmates to follow his example. He dearly loved *Sita-Ram*, and the beautiful story of their pure and holy lives was an inspiration to him.

Years went on and the little boy became a big boy. He was educated in the schools and university of his native city, and gradually imbibed a good deal of the scorn in which modern science and materialism hold all religious doctrines. He looked around and saw shams everywhere, even among those who professed to believe in religion. He

still had a profound longing for religious truth, but he questioned where he should look for it, and almost doubted that it could be found at all. He went to hear the teachers of all the sects, including even the Christians and the Moham-medans. To all he put the same question. "How do you know that the things you teach are true? Have you realized them yourselves?" And everywhere he received the same answer,—“No, but they are in the books, the Scriptures teach them.” He travelled to distant places and his yearning heart would never let him rest. He must learn the truth, so he spent his time in the search for a teacher who knew for himself the truth of what he affirmed. When he was nearly in despair, he came to a simple, child-like sage, who was unostentatiously teaching those who sought his aid. Again the boy put his question,—“Sir, have you seen God, have you seen the soul?” Great was his joy and astonishment when, with clear and positive assertion came the unusual answer—“Yes, I have.” “Can you show them to me?” asked the boy. Again the reply was un-

hesitating—“Yes, I can.” Then that boy sat at the feet of that sage to learn of him. But not yet did he believe his words. He questioned, he argued, and above all, he watched the sage's life, to see if he practised what he taught. He kept this up for years before he yielded and became convinced that he might safely trust the sage. But the power of the living example that was daily before his eyes, finally subdued every doubt and the boy renounced the world and became a sannyasin when he was only twenty years old. Later he became a great religious teacher, who, unlike most Hindus, travelled almost all over the world and preached in foreign lands the simple yet wonderful truths learned from his Master. What “*precept*” had utterly failed to accomplish was brought to pass by the invincible force of “*example*”, and the earnest boy came to realize through the aid of his Master, the reality of God and of his own soul. Blessed is every one, who in his hour of need can meet such a Master and be taught by example rather than precept!

Y. M.

TRANSCENDENTALISM

ACCORDING to the usual custom of the Association, the Annual Festival was held on Friday evening, the 27th of May 1898, in Parker Memorial Building. A large company of members and friends assembled at the tables; and the chair was occupied by Dr. Lewis G. Janes, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Free Religious Association.

The Vice-President said: “Something of the thought that came into the Transcendentalist movement, consciously or unconsciously, I am sure, came from the old home of our Aryan Brothers in India, something indirectly through Germany, something directly, I know not how, into the heart and mind of Emerson. It gives me great pleasure

tonight to welcome our brother from India, the Swami Abhedananda who will now address us. (Applause).

REMARKS OF THE SWAMI ABHEDANANDA

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen :— Since the time of the great German philosopher Kant, this great Transcendental movement has taken deep root in the Western mind, especially in Europe. Kant was the pioneer of this movement in the latter part of the last century. He brought this idea to Europe and gave a firm basis to the Transcendental philosophy in the Western World. After Kant, there flourished in Germany, several other philosophers as Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and Schopenhauer who also explained this doctrine of Transcendentalism, each according to his own method of thinking. Schopenhauer was the last who gave a firm basis and explained most clearly this Transcendental idea which was first started by Kant. I am glad to say that Schopenhauer got these Transcendental ideas, not from the Western philosophy alone, but also by studying Eastern philosophy. He said, "There is nothing more elevating and more beneficial to mankind than the study of the Upanishads." I will tell you what the teachings of the Upanishads are. Those teachings are nothing but the expressions of the ancient Transcendentalists who flourished in India some six or seven centuries before the birth of Christ. These Transcendentalists did not believe in an extra cosmic personal God like Jehovah, sitting above the clouds and punishing the wicked ; but they believed in one all-pervading Spirit (Brahman) who dwells in each individual soul, and they expressed that

idea in the most beautiful language, which they called the language of the Devas—that is the Sanskrit language. They said : "Anoraniyân mahato mahiyân âtmâasya jantor nihito guhâyâm. Tamakratuh pasyati vitasoko dhâtuprasâdat mahimânâm âtmanah," which means : "That Eternal Being dwells in each atom of this universe. He is smaller than the smallest : he is larger than the largest. He dwells in the cave of each individual heart. He who realizes him in his own heart enjoys eternal bliss and becomes free from misery and sorrow even in this life."

Such was the idea of the ancient Transcendentalists in India. This idea attracted the attention of the great German philosopher of the present century who introduced it into the Western world as I have already said. Moreover he said this Transcendental philosophy—which is called in Sanskrit *Vedanta*, which means 'the end of all wisdom'—was the solace of his life and would be the solace of his death.

Since the time of Schopenhauer these Transcendental ideas have gradually become popular in Europe ; and when the Upanishads and the Bhagabat Gita and other philosophies which the ancient thinkers of India left behind them were translated by the Oriental scholars into English, the other thinkers of the West such as Carlyle and Emerson, became familiar with them. Most of you are familiar with the Bhagabat Gita, which has been translated into English by different authors, among others by Sir Edwin Arnold, who has translated it into verse under the title of "Song Celestial." When Emerson went to see Carlyle, if

I am not mistaken, Carlyle showed a translation of the Bhagavat Gita to Emerson, saying that it gave him great consolation. Afterwards when Emerson read it, he was so pleased that he expressed his gratitude to this Bhagavat Gita by translating some of its verses into poetry with which you are familiar. I mean the poem on "Brahma." The poem begins as follows:—

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways,
I keep, and pass, and turn again."

The Sanskrit text is: "Hantâ chen manyate hantum hatas chen manyate. hatam. Abhau tau na vijânito nayam hanti na hanyate."

Trans.—"If the slayer thinks he slays or if the slain thinks he is slain, both of them do not know the truth that the soul (Atman) can neither slay nor can be slain."

Moreover the other day I was reading Emerson's journal; and in that journal I found that Emerson's favourite recreation was the study of the Upanishads, the Bhagavat Gita and the Puranas. These books are mentioned there, and I was glad to know that Emerson was the first prophet who brought these Eastern ideas into America. They are growing gradually, and I believe that these Transcendental ideas will conquer the whole world; and then, and then alone, all nations will be ready to embrace one another with the feeling of love and to recognise the ideals of all religions, of all sects and of all creeds. Then there will be no quarrel, no discord, no dis-

harmony. War and quarrel can not exist where there is the feeling of love. We quarrel and fight because we do not recognise the One Soul, the One Universal Spirit which is dwelling in us. We do not recognise that we are all one in spirit.

We often hear that Christianity teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. But the history of humanity shows that it has never been practised in the Western world and among Christian nations. We may find individuals who have attained to that realisation, but as a nation it has never been expressed. "The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" have now become a motto. But in heart how many of us are ready to accept this doctrine? Are we ready to say that we have a universal Father from the very core of our hearts? Are we ready to say that we are all brothers? No. We are yet uncivilised. We are not so far advanced as to call a stranger our brother, to call a murderer our brother. But the moment we recognise that one spirit is manifesting itself in and through a saint, through a sinner as through a prophet, then we realise that all of us are brothers. As the one sun shines equally on a saint as on a sinner, so the Eternal Being is shining in and through a murderer, a sinner, a saint and a prophet, through a Christ or a Buddha. The same spirit or *Atman* is there. We shall have to realise that. Then shall we become Transcendentalists. Then shall we understand the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and we shall realise the spirit which Jesus had when he said "You shall love your neighbour as yourself." (Applause.)

LESSONS FROM NATURE

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE following are a few moral teachings by analogy as expressed by Mahant Charan Das in his Hindi book named *Bhakti Sagar*:—

I. First guide is the earth and things connected therewith:—(a) The mountain: People may go up and come down, ascend its summit and descend its slope; rains may fall in torrents and winds may blow hard. All these things do not affect the mountain in the least. It does neither flow off, nor does it get shaky; it ever remains firm and immovable. This teaches us to give up all avarice and resentment which cause the perturbation of the mind, and inculcates in us the necessity of acquiring patience, calmness and mental tranquillity. (b) The tree: People come and sit under its shade, cut its branches down, pluck its fruits and flowers. None of these things ever rouse the tree to anger. This teaches us to devote ourselves entirely to the good of others, even though we may be put to troubles in so doing. (c) The earth: People sap its foundation, sink wells in it, tread upon its surface, and do all sorts of mischief. How patiently it bears all this. The same is the case with one who has given up the world and its pursuits and turned his mind to the worship of the Supreme Being. A holy man is doubtless a model or personification of patience and self-sacrifice.

II. Second guide is the wind. It comes in contact with good and bad smells, and accepts both ungrudgingly for the moment, but does not lose its individuality. In the same way good men come in contact with the evil and wicked and endure without a murmur all sorts of hardships but do not in any way lose their native purity and equanimity of temper. Hence they live amid many temptations but are not led away by them.

III. Third guide is akasha or ether. In it, rain may fall, storms may blow, lightning may shine, and fires may burn; but it remains clear and uncontaminated. It is quite unaffected and unmoved amidst the furious dust storms, red-hot burning fires, and rapid waters. It remains the same and unaltered in the midst of the changes of the weather. It thus teaches us evenness of temper and to lead a life of indifference and fearlessness.

IV. Fourth guide is water. Water refreshes the drooping spirits, it purifies the body and cleanses every dirty thing and soiled cloth that come in contact with it. It assumes various forms and takes different colours according to the object which holds it or which is brought close to it and does in this way do good to the object by making it pure and clean. This teaches us to mix with others with a view to lead them to the path of righteousness and virtue, and enjoins the importance of doing good to others in a disinterested way.

without any selfish or mean motive to serve our own end or purpose.

V. Fifth guide is fire. Fire is the great purifier. It takes away all impurities. It dispels all darkness and makes everything look bright and cheerful. It does good to all irrespective of creed or caste. This teaches us to be useful to others and to serve all such persons as are good and virtuous.

VI. Sixth guide is the moon. It undergoes changes. Sometimes it is invisible for a day or two, again it is very much reduced in form and is visible as a mere ray; then it gradually begins to grow and assumes its original shape when it is

called the full moon. But all these changes do not produce the slightest diminution in the degree of its lustre. Whether it be a new moon, a half-moon or a full-moon, each of its rays generates the same light and is as bright and lustrous as ever. This shows that the body may be subject to increase and decrease, it may flourish or decay, matter becomes disintegrated but the soul is eternal and immutable and remains the same amidst all these changes and alterations. Hence the Supreme Soul God is always eternal and imperishable. He alone should be adored and our mind should be directed to Him alone and not to the grovelling things of this world.

M. L.

HOW SCIENTISTS ARE MADE

The following story of Dr. Sven Hedin, the only European who has ever crossed the Great Sandy Desert in the heart of Central Asia,* we reproduce from the *Windsor Magazine*, to give an idea to our readers how men, and particularly *Scientific* men are made in the West.

"I started from Kashgar on February 17th, 1895, with four Turki servants and eight fine camels. I wanted to cross from the Gyarkand-Darya river to the Khotan-Darya river over the Takla-Makan desert. I wanted to explore this desert, which nobody had ever done. I entered the desert on April 10th. We had water for twenty-five days with us, carried in iron tanks on the backs of the camels. It was all sand—moving dunes of sand. The days were very hot, the nights were bitterly cold. The air was full of dust. We crossed the first

half of the desert in thirteen days, and came to a region where there were some hills and small fresh-water lakes. Here I bade my men fill the cisterns with fresh water for ten days.

On the second day after we had left the lakes I looked at the cisterns and found that water for four days only had been taken! I thought we could reach the Khotan-Darya in six days; one of my servants told me that in three days' march from where we were we should find a place where we could dig for water. I believed him, and we went on. We found no water, and two days after our supply was exhausted the camels got ill. We lost three camels before May 1. On May 1 the men began to sicken. I was so thirsty that I drank a glass of the vile Chinese spirit. It made me very ill. We only proceeded four kilometres that day—early in the morning. My men were all weeping and clamouring to Allah. They said they could go no further; they said they wanted to die.

*Messrs Methuen and Co. have published his adventures in two volumes. "Through Asia" 36s nett.

. . .

I made them put up the tent, and then we undressed and lay down naked in the tent. During that day we killed our last sheep and drank its blood. We all thought to die. In the evening of May-day we were all mad with raging thirst. When night fell we walked on.

Two of the men could not move. They were dying; so we had to leave them. I said to them, "Wait a little here, sleep a little, and then follow us." I had to abandon much of my luggage. That night another camel died. I was ahead, carrying a torch to lead the way. In the night a third man gave in and lay down in the sand, and motioned to me to leave him to die. Then I abandoned everything—silver, maps, and notebooks—and took only what I could carry, two chronometers, a box of matches, ten cigarettes, and a compass; the last of the men followed. We went east. The man carried a spade and an iron pot: the spade was to dig for water, the iron pot held clotted blood, foul and putrid. Thus we staggered on through the moving dunes of sand till the morning of the 2nd of May. When the sun rose we dug out holes in the sand, which was cold from the frost of the night, and undressed and lay down naked; with our clothes and the spade we made a little tent, which gave us just enough shelter for our heads. We lay there for ten hours. At nightfall we staggered on again, still towards the east.

We advanced all the night of the 2nd and the morning of the 3rd of May. On this morning, as we stumbled along, Kasim suddenly gripped my shoulder and pointed east; he could not speak. I could see nothing. At last he whispered, "Tamarisk." So we walked on, and after a while I saw a green thing on the horizon. We reached it at last, but we could not dig; it was all sand, yards deep. But we thanked God and munched the green foliage, and all that day we lay naked in its shadow. At nightfall I dressed and bade Kasim follow; he lay where he was and said not a word. I left him and went east. I went on till one in the

morning. Then I came to another tamarisk and as the night was bitterly cold I collected the fallen branches and made a fire. In the night my companion came up; he had seen my fire. He did not speak, I did not speak; we had no interest to talk; it was impossible to do so, for our mouths were as dry as our skins. That night we walked on for several hours, and so on till the sun grew hot on the 4th of May, and we again lay down naked on the sand.

On the night of May 4th we advanced, crawling on all fours, and resting every ten yards or so. I meant to save my life; I felt all along that my life could not be thrown away like that. We came to three desert poplars on a patch of soil where there was no sand. We tried to dig, but we were too weak, and the frozen ground was too hard; we barely dug to a depth of six inches. Then we fell on our faces and clawed up the earth with our fingers; but we could not dig deep, so we abandoned the hope of finding water there, and lit a fire, in the hope that Islam Bey, the man who had stayed behind with the camels, might chance to see it and follow on. It happened so, but I only knew it later. On the 5th we went on—east. We were bitterly disappointed, for the poplars had given us hope, and we had to cross a broad belt of sterile sand. At last we saw a black line on the horizon, very dark and very thin, and we understood that it must be the forests of Kho-tan Darya.

We reached the forest by the time the sun grew hot; it was very deep and very dense, a black forest of very old trees. We saw the tracks of wild beasts. All that day we lay naked in the shade of the trees; there was no sign of water anywhere. In the evening I dressed and told Kasim to arise. He could not move; he was going mad; he looked fearful, lying flat on his back, with his arms stretched out, naked, with staring eyes and open mouth. I went on. The forest was very dense and the night black. I had eaten nothing for ten days,

I had drunk nothing for nine; I crossed the forest crawling on all fours, tottering from tree to tree; I carried the haft of the spade as a crutch. At last I came to an open place; the forest ended like a devastated plain. There was a river-bed—the bed of the Khotan-Darya. It was quite dry: there was not a drop of water. I went on; I meant to *live*; I would find water.

I was very weak, but I crawled on all fours, and at last I crossed the river-bed; it was three kilometres wide. Then as I reached the right bank of the river I heard the sound of a duck lifting, and the noise of splashing water. I crawled in that direction, and found a large pool of clear, fresh water. I thanked God first, and then *I felt my pulse; I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it; it was at 48**. Then I drank; I drank fearfully. I had a little

tin with me; it had contained chocolates, but I had thrown these away, as I could swallow nothing; the tin I had kept. I had felt sure all the time that I should find water, and that I should use that tin as a drinking-cup. I drank, and drank, and drank. It was a most lovely feeling. I felt my blood liquefying; it began to run in my veins, my pores opened, my pulse went up at once to 53; I felt quite fresh and living.

“Was not the torture of thirst terrible during those nine days?”

No. After the first three or four days the sharpness of the want seemed to blunt itself. But as the days went on I grew weaker and weaker. I felt like a convalescent after many, many years of sickness.

REVIEWS

INSPIRATION, INTUITION, ECSTASY:
A Philosophical Study. Part I: Occidental; Part II: Oriental and Part III: Theosophical. Three lectures delivered before the Federal Meeting, Kumbhakonam on the 17th February 1897, Mahamagham day. By *A. Govinda Charlu*, F. T. S. Demy 8vo., Mysore, 1897-98.†

These three little books contain a well selected store of information upon the above and kindred subjects drawn with a free hand from the West and the East, and stitched together nicely to form a whole. The student of Metaphysics and the Occult will find them very useful and interesting.

RELIGION OF LOVE or Hundred Aphorisms of Sandilya. Translated into English with the original Sanskrit texts, and an independent commentary in English, by *Jadunath Mozoomdar*, M. A., B. L., Vakil, High Court, Bengal, and Editor Hindu Patrika, Jessore.*

The Sandilya Sutras is a very ancient work on Bhakti: both philosophy and practice. Mr. Mozoomdar has translated it beautifully, giving a running commentary mostly drawn from Shampaswar the commentator of Sandilya and explaining difficult passages and references in foot notes. The book is dedicated to Swami Vivekananda and opens with an able and learned introduction by the translator. It is prettily got up.

NĀNĀ KATHĀ

The Sixty-sixth Birthday Anniversary of Bhagavan Sri Sri Ramkrishna Deva will be celebrated on Sunday the 19th March 1899, at the Math, Belur.

The sudden manner in which a Vaish named Badri Dass, resident of Bijnor, turned into a *Sannyasi* is the subject of general talk in the town. He collected the poor people of the

*The italics are ours.

†Veda Griham, Mysore. Price Rs. 1-2-6.

*Hindu Patrika Office Jessore (Bengal). Price, cloth. Rs. 1-8 and paper Rs. 1.

town before his shop and made a free gift of his property; he then tore off some bonds of heavy debts, returned many to the debtors and left his home. — *Tribune*.

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ANOTHER orphan boy from Jessore Dist. has come to the Mursidabad Orphanage, making the total of eight. The authorities of the Orphanage ask us to say that they are prepared to take any others without distinction of caste or creed. Lessons in tailoring are now being given to the boys; a local Mahomedan Zemindar having very kindly promised to bear the expenses. During December last, Swami Akhandananda accompanied by a boy from his Orphanage, visited many villages in the district and was invariably received with cordiality. Each village they passed through extended its quota of help, in food grains, cloth or money, and Swami Akhandananda has received promises of substantial help in building the Orphanage. This is, as it should be. The Bengali adage says, "the walking sticks of ten make a load for one." The poor and the helpless are everybody's wards, and if everybody does his duty towards them, poverty no longer remains a problem.

* *

From a brief account sent to us, we notice that the gross receipts of the Murshidabad Orphanage during the months of May to December 1898 amounted to Rs 434. 3. 3, and the expenditures to Rs 362. 8. 10½, thus leaving a balance of Rs 71. 10. 4½.

* *

William Carner, an engineer at the Richmond Rolling Mills, Richmond, Ind., met his death on December 10 by falling against a large gear wheel, which tore off one of his legs. He was alone in the engine room and knew that possibly no one would enter it for hours. Realizing that disaster would result if the fire under the boilers was left burning, he dragged his mutil-

ated body 50 feet to the boiler room, turned off the natural gas which was used as fuel, and then lapsed into unconsciousness. Twenty minutes later the machinery stopped, caused by a lack of steam, and the employees rushed to the engine room to ascertain the reason and found the brave engineer dying. — *Scientific American*.

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The home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Howard, 6,558 Stewart Avenue, was thronged on Saturday afternoon from 2-30 to 5-30 with theosophists and parties interested in the educational welfare of Oriental peoples, most of whom were ladies. The occasion was socially a parting reception to Miss Adelaide C. Donnelly inspector of female education to His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, India, who leaves early this week, after extended labours for the cause of Indian womanhood in Chicago. An elaborate lunch, to which forty three sat down, was first discussed, after which Mr. Coulson Turnbull introduced Miss Donnelly who made a brief and eloquent address on conditions in India, and the need of technical education for its people. The help of the women of America was asked in a small way in the shape of subscriptions to *The Indian Magazine*, devoted to the cause of social progress and education in India. Some twenty subscriptions were secured. Mr. Turnbull, in his remarks, said that this meeting was in effect a nucleus for the unification of three branches of Indian amelioration soon to be active in America—namely, "The Association for the promotion of Technical and Industrial Education in India," "The National Indian Association," and "The Society for the Education of Women of India"—himself representing the first, Miss Donnelly the second, and Mrs. Howard the third. After the speaking, a brief time was devoted to the examination of specimens of Indian household and domestic artisanship, which were exhibited by Miss Donnelly, and in bidding her good-bye. — *Chicago Daily Sun*

"Low on the horizon, beyond Durdham Down, were streaks of white light, wavering spokes and flaring lines and streamers, flushing into faint rose pink. Could the buried sunlight still be felt so late into a night of May? Soon, by quiverings and motions in these signs—for the west darkened, and flames burst forth among the topmost stars, and toward the east ran swords, stealthily creeping across the heavenly spaces—I knew that this was an aurora borealis. The pageant rapidly developed, and culminated with dramatic vividness. At the very zenith, curving downward to the Great Bear, there shone a nebulous semicircle—phosphorescent, with stars tangled in it. From this crescent of light were effused to north and west and east rays, bands, foam-flakes, belts, spears, shafts of changeful hues, now rosy red, now brightening into amethyst, now green, now pale as ashes. The whole was in slow and solemn movement, like lightning congealed, which has not ceased to throb. As glaciers are to running water, so were these auroral flames to the quiverings of lightning. In the midst of all the glow and glory sparkled Ursa Major, calm and frosty. Other stars seemed to wander in the haze, as I have seen them in a comet's tail. The most wonderful point in the pageant was when the crescent flamed into intensely brilliant violet. Then it faded; the whole heaven for a few moments flushed with diffused rose; but the show was over. That supreme flash recalled the pulsing and rutilant coruscations with which Tintoretto spheres his celestial messengers. I could have fancied the crescent and its meteoric emanations to have been the shield of an archangel."—In the *KEY OF BLUE*, by John Addington Symonds.

* *

In these days of remarkable achievements in surgery there seems to be almost no limit to success in operative procedure. In the matter of brilliant achievements along this line must be noted the operation performed by Dr.

Carl Schlatter, of the University of Zurich, who has succeeded in extirpating the stomach of a woman.

Anna Landis was a Swiss silk weaver, fifty-six years of age, and, as all surgeons know, a capital operation at this time of life is attended with more than usual risk. From childhood she had abdominal pains, and medical treatment afforded no relief. On examination it was found that she had a large tumor. After a preliminary strengthening of the vital functions, she was operated upon, and the entire stomach was found hopelessly diseased. Dr. Schlatter conceived the brilliant idea of removing the stomach, which he did, uniting the intestine with the œsophagus. This done, there was then a direct channel from the patient's throat down through the intestines, while, in place of a stomach, was the end of the intestine—a length of about fifteen inches.

The abdominal wound healed rapidly, and three days after the operation nourishment by enema was discontinued and the patient was fed by the mouth. In a few days she could eat eggs, chopped meat and even a half of a chicken. This, however, appeared to have overloaded—we cannot say her stomach—her substitute for that organ, and she vomited, thus proving that this act, which is usually associated with the spasmodic contraction of that organ, can be considered special to it no longer.

A New York physician who saw the patient says that he was struck by her ruddy complexion and general alacrity. Her appetite was good; she did not eat much at a time, but ate every two or three hours.

In the lower forms of life the functions are little specialized, and in case of need other parts of the organism may be impressed into service to take the place of those which are missing; but with man it is different. When deprived of an organ which ordinarily performs functions essential to life, he dies. The recent

operation on the Swiss woman throws over our preconceived and stereotyped notions as to the vital organs. The stomach has long been supposed, in a certain sense, to govern the other functions of the body, but its physiological place in the human economy is threatened, and the work done by this autocrat is now performed by the intestines, which, in this case, have assumed the whole burden of digestion, and, to all accounts, they are performing their good offices in an exemplary manner. It is not beyond the limits of possibility that there will be a future enlargement of the digestive tract to form a food pouch, and replace, in some degree, at least, the missing organ. Such an incident tempts one to speculate on the validity of many opinions we now hold regarding the physiology of the vital functions. There is a limit somewhere, but medicine and surgery are constantly pushing it farther away and the end is not yet.

—*Scientific American.*

* *

FROM the letter of our New York correspondent just to hand and therefore too late to be printed in full in this issue we cull the following:—

Owing to the fact that the Christmas Holidays made December a very short month, there were but six public lectures given by Swami Abhedananda. The Swami's lectures were resumed 4 Jan. and the work is going on with renewed energy. He has given a course of lectures on Raja Yoga on Wednesday evenings, while on Sunday afternoons we have topics of a more strictly religious nature as appropriate to the day. Twice a week classes meet to ask questions and learn how to meditate.

Last week there was quite a Vedanta reunion in Brooklyn, the occasion being the presence here of Swami Abhayananda, on her way to India. This city was her first field of labor after she became a sannyasin and she

did much good work here before going to Chicago, where she has spent nearly two years. When her many friends here learned that she would spend a couple of days in Brooklyn before she sailed, they at once got up a reception for her. It was very successful, although the notice given was necessarily short, she conveyed to those assembled the greetings of the group of students she had just left in Chicago, following this with an able address that was listened to with earnest attention.

When she left the platform she was most warmly greeted by her friends and former students and a pleasant hour was passed in the interchange of friendly sentiments. A liberal collection was taken to aid her in her journey.

Another and less public reception was given to Swami Abhayananda the following afternoon and again her friends remembered to give her a helping hand on her way.

On Saturday last (21 Jan.) Swami Abhayananda sailed for England, to take the P. & O. steamer for Bombay, where she expects to arrive 24 Feb. She will proceed as quickly as possible by rail to Calcutta, hoping to reach there in time for the Birthday Festival of the Master.

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As we go to Press we hear of the arrival of the Swami Abhayananda at Bombay. She will probably visit Madras before going to Calcutta. We accord her a hearty welcome.

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Adrop of water from the ocean's face
 Flashed up, to sparkle a moment in the light,
 Then fall, its impulse spent, leaving in sight
 Upon the eternal vast expanse no trace
 Behind; a phantom, hounded in the chase
 By cruel clamorous years; an atom, quite
 Helpless, and hurled along in aimless flight
 Upon the void unbounded ways of space—
 Viewed from without, even such is man, but how
 Other, seen by himself, within; the sum
 Of sufferings measureless, of raptures dumb,
 Being beyond reach of words; purpose his brow
 Enthroning, defiant of fate's deepest curse;
 His mind the bearer of the universe.

—W. M. Payne.